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ities scouted the idea that Dr. Hart's collection on loan there could be had for money; but application was made to him direct, and the transportation to New York of the case with all its contents was the result of the investigation. Many of the specimens can easily be surpassed by those in American collections; but there are others probably unique. One is a large globular piece of a remarkably soft and beautiful green of indescribable shade—ranging somewhere between a pea green and an apple green. Among other remarkable objects are a sixteenth century Imperial blue and white vase, eighteen inches high, with orange-peel surface and figure decoration; a peacock blue vase, twenty inches high, encompassed by a highly decorative design in flat relief; and a very curious little vase of black glaze, with white relief decoration, on which again is blue decoration over red lines. The last-named object, dating back to the Ming dynasty of the period of Cheng Duk, is a technical puzzle probably no modern potter could solve.

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IT is rather inconsistent with all one has heard about the improvement of artistic taste in England to read in that excellent English publication, *The Journal of Decorative Art*, about the "landscape carpets" produced at a leading Kidderminster factory. "This house," we are told, "makes no common carpets, but confines itself to art carpets, in which line it defies all competition." "And all principles of decorative design," the editor might have added.

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WILLIAM PAGE, who died in poverty and obscurity recently at his residence in Staten Island, at one time made something of a stir in the little art world of old New York. He painted both portraits and landscapes after peculiar theories of his own; but it cannot be said truthfully that he did either particularly well. Yet he was a man of more than ordinary ability, and had conscientiously studied the anatomy of pictures. He was a devout admirer of Titian, and, on one occasion, bought an undoubted canvas of the master for no other purpose than to dissect it in the hope of discovering the principle of his color. If he succeeded, he certainly did not profit by the discovery. Page's friends used to tell a story to the effect that the Italian authorities once seized a copy of a Titian he had made, supposing it to be the original; but this was quite a tax on the credulity of those familiar with the work of both painters. MONTEZUMA.

## ART IN BOSTON.

FRIENDS of art in America are always on the lookout for the appearance of two great things—the American play and the American historical painting. Every now and then the cry is raised that one or the other is here—has arrived at last! Those whose enthusiasm and confidence are still young and unabused flock with faith and hope to the sight. Perhaps a generous exaltation, born partly of sympathy with the author or artist or with our beloved country, with all her havings still lacking a national art, leads us to believe for a while that here indeed the national art is born; but always hitherto the dismal realization has followed not long after that it is not what was to come, and we must still wait. The latest false alarm has been raised over a notable painting, exhibited the past week at the Art Club, by Henry Sandham, the English illustrator. Mr. Sandham is an Englishman, it was admitted, but so are most of us a few generations farther removed; and as he has cast his lot with us and has studied and drawn in his pictures every phase of American scenery and life from the deserts of New Mexico to the backwoods of Maine, from the Atlantic coast cities to the Indian warfare of the Plains and the Rocky Mountains, he will pass for a very good American worker in art. His subject in this great canvas is surely national—the Battle of Lexington. But—well, what is the matter? Is it not that battle—the mere battle of soldiery—does not well typify Americanism? Not that we have not done plenty of fighting from the period of Miles Standish to that of General Washington, and to that of General Grant, and as good fighting as ever was done in the world! Yet deep down is the consciousness that that sort of struggle is a mere survival from the old world, an accident, an exotic here; that the real warfare we wage on the American continent, in the nineteenth century and onward, is infinitely grander, more serious, more significant—the battle with the forces of nature, the contention of economic and social questions, the subduing and assimilation by intellectual and moral culture

of the currents of humanity itself pouring upon us from all the world, from Asia as well as from Europe. The old combats of Agincourt and Crecy, with their hand-to-hand struggles between man and man, are not more inadequate to represent the war of the present era, with scientifically disposed battalions that have become immense machines, armed with weapons reaching a mile or more, and personal prowess entirely supplanted by implements of precision, than any battle-scene is to represent the shock of the contending forces which have made and are making America what it is to-day and what it shall be to-morrow. The true American historical subject should be sought in the Senate-house and the town-meetings, in the inventor's workshop, in the whirl and fury of the stock exchange, the bridging of gorges and tunneling of mountains, the grain fields of the size of whole counties, the mines and factories, the labor-strikes, the emigrant train, the wharves and marts of trade; and the heroes should be the intellectual giants who have ruled their fellows, the great inventors, the reformers—men and women both—the philanthropists at their work, the merchants and the engineers—yes, even the speculators and the politicians, if we are to give the full drama of American life. In that life war is but an episode and interruption, entered on reluctantly and despatched as soon as possible. What an anachronism to go on following the footsteps of the great painters of the day when war was the chief business of all gentlemen into our day, when well-to-do citizens very properly hire "substitutes," and our greatest general and hardest fighter was a man who himself loathed military display, and whose first care, when his task was completed, was to make the citizen armies disappear as rapidly as possible! So Mr. Sandham's work, though well done enough, is not of very striking import, but on the old conventional lines. As painting it has the fault noticed in the paintings of most men who are primarily illustrators—namely, lack of color. To be sure, the hour of earliest dawn justifies the prevailing gray tone; but there is a poverty in the color-scheme for which the morning light does not wholly account. The dramatic conception is the strong part of the work. The spectator is on the flank of the rude line of farmers and farmers' boys, who occupy the left of the picture. The conventional revolutionary grandsire, bare-headed and white-haired, is prominent in the group; but his exaltation and determination of expression and attitude, and the postures and expressions of the falling and dying, are as genuinely felt, as ably wrought out, and appeal to the heart as the conventional posing in old-fashioned battle scenes does not. The pathos of a rustic tragedy is well depicted; but, on the other hand, the composition is weak and draws apart, for the line of red-coats firing at the smoke-wreathed band of patriots is as much too far away as the mounted major commanding them is too near—placed there evidently to fill up the otherwise empty right half of the canvas. The drawing of the figure is excellent throughout, but there is nothing of the mastery in textures and realistic detail seen, even in the stress and confusion of deadly fight, in the great contemporary French battle-painters, compared with whose work this would be accorded the rank of a spirited sketch only.

One of the most interesting exhibitions seen in Boston for many a day is the landscape work executed by W. Allan Gay during his long residence for the purpose in Japan and China. Mr. Gay is one of the soundest of American landscapists. He was among the first to go from Boston to France instead of Italy for training, and partook of the modern movement in France in the school of which Troyon and Rousseau were the great lights, sharing with his friend, W. M. Hunt, the teachings and companionship of the brilliant circle whose headquarters made Barbazon famous twenty-five years ago. He evidently mastered there the just then rediscovered secret of "values," and learned the importance of the "masses," and the "impression" as the foundation of a landscape. His color, too, is of that untortured freshness and that simplicity which characterize the best modern French landscape school. These pictures of Japan, therefore, carry conviction at once that they are trustworthy transcripts of nature, and it is truly exciting to stand before them, truthfully quiet as they are, and realize for the first time just what manner of country it is from which come to us the wonderful art productions over which the western world has gone daft of late years. After all, one perceives the earth's surface is pretty much the same all over. Here are green fields and trees and hills, coves and nooks that might have been painted in New Jersey or in Connecticut along the Sound. Only Fusiya's

snow-capped cone—and it isn't quite so mathematically conical as it appears on the lacquer or prints of Japan—makes the difference. Yes, there is another great difference, in man's structures, which appears in the landscapes. The houses and bridges are always of pretty, fancifully perked-up shapes in one way or another. The roofs are curled or pinched up at the corners in prankish forms and the bridges are bowed up steeply in the middle. Everything in the way of edifices seems to be on a diminutive scale; the general effect of the large towns depicted is of such villages as children build with playing-cards. Some of the views in the city streets, especially those where the paper lanterns are lighted, have the strangeness and richness which one associates with the Japan of the museums and bric-à-brac shops; but here, still, the conviction is enforced that the effect is the very truth of the matter, and nothing else. The collection is very large, too various and crowded, perhaps, for the artist's interest; and the impression of monotony is produced by the steady sobriety and truth of the coloring. But it has been a fine "card" for the opening of the pretty galleries of Williams & Everett's new store.

The next event of interest here is the opening, the coming week, at the Museum of Fine Arts, of the exhibition of English water-colors brought over by Mr. Henry Blackburn, compiler of London art exhibition catalogues. The list of pictures certainly includes the names of the leading and well-known representatives of this great branch of English art. It remains to be seen whether they are here at their best. The Boston public has had very little experience at first hand with contemporary English art, and that little has not inclined it to change its predilection for the French. Indeed, German, Dutch, and even Russian painting is better known by examples here than English. The growing interest and practice in water-color in this country have caused this exhibition to be looked forward to with a very sympathetic and intelligent curiosity, and it is hoped that it may prove a fountain of inspiration.

The Art Museum school of drawing and painting is flourishing as usual, as indeed are all the multiplied schools, gathering pupils from all parts of the country. At the Museum Mr. Frederick Crowninshield has resigned his instructorship, and his resignation has been accepted, and Mr. Robert Vonnoh has been added to the corps, at the head of which remains that faithful and able teacher, Mr. Otto Grundmann.

There is a little émeute among the architects of Boston over the suspension of the competition for the new Court House, and one disappointed firm of young architects has obtained an injunction against the award made on the preliminary stage, contrary to the announced programme. But the commissioners are backed up by the decision of the expert, Mr. Robert MacArthur, of Philadelphia, that the winning plan was so far ahead of the others that all the rest appeared like mere students' fancies, and the further competition would possibly have no other end than that already reached. Still, the architects declaim eloquently about the "principle" of the thing and "violation of honor."

GRETA.

## Dramatic Feuilleton.

*Hamlet.*—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?  
*Polonius.*—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet.

THERE was no doubt, no hesitation, about the opening of this season. Every manager, like Cassius, plunged boldly in. Before the equinoctial storm was over, we had two sumptuous Shakespearean revivals, five new plays, Judic, and Mary Anderson.

During the present month we are to be blessed with Italian opera, at the Academy of Music, German opera, at the Thalia, and Salvini, at the Metropolitan.

The advance of theatrical art in this country, and the excellent effects of the missionary visits of Henry Irving, were evident in the spectacular production of "The Comedy of Errors," by Robson and Crane, at the Star Theatre. These two low comedians have been touring the country together for years, making fortunes in such dramatic rubbish as "Sharps and Flats," "Our Boarding-House," and "Forbidden Fruit." All at once they go to Alfred Thompson, the theatrical designer, and authorize him to put "The Comedy of Errors" on the stage regardless of expense. He did it, and did it so well that, during its run of four weeks in New York the

old play more than repaid Robson and Crane for what seemed at first their extravagant outlay.

Burton, who was the most comical, if he was not the greatest, of modern comedians, once told Robson that it was the ambition of his life to produce "Twelfth Night" with an adequate company and appropriate scenery and costumes. Robson remembered this when he saw Irving playing "Twelfth Night" and making money out of it. Inspired by the recollection and the example, he selected "The Comedy of Errors" for similar treatment, and, although the play is not as good as "Twelfth Night," the production was successful, and is now being taken through the provinces to continue the artistic education of the American public.

Alfred Thompson, with practically unlimited means at his command, deserves credit for the taste and discretion with which he used them. He did not try to rival "The Black Crook." His costumes were not gaudy, nor his scenery overdone. He reproduced the life of ancient Ephesus as completely as possible, and made the picturesque streets, quays, and villas a background for Shakespeare's immortal characters.

A good example is contagious, and Mr. Thompson had his immediate reward. Manager Hill, of Chicago, who prides himself upon conducting the theatrical business on business principles, decided to engage Mr. Thompson to illustrate and decorate "Romeo and Juliet" in the same magnificent manner, for the New York debut of Margaret Mather, at the Union Square. Before these pages are printed this second Shakespearean spectacle will be delighting large audiences.

I am quite safe in this prediction, because, whatever may be thought of the Juliet of Miss Mather, the scenery and costumes are sure to be worth seeing, as Mr. Thompson was associated with Irving in the famous revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the London Lyceum, and will repeat, and perhaps improve upon, its leading features.

Never before has so much attention been paid by managers to the artistic presentation of plays, and this fact is in every way encouraging and satisfactory.

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MANAGER HILL expected, and says that he hoped, that Mary Anderson would make her *rentrée* in "Romeo and Juliet." Comparisons may be odious; but they are excellent advertisements, and they could not have been avoided with two actresses playing the same part in the same play at two theatres so close together as the Union Square and the Star.

The critics might prefer Mary Anderson to Miss Mather; but then they would have to state the reasons for their preference, and every article would be a free advertisement. The public might agree with the critics; but then they would have to see both performances in order to decide. On the whole, the plan of an opposition "Romeo and Juliet" was worthy of the Chicago sagacity of Manager Hill.

But he forgot that Mary Anderson had a clever manager. Three months ago, Miss Anderson began to study and rehearse Rosalind in "As You Like It," which she had never played before, and she appeared in it with considerable *éclat* at the Memorial Theatre, at Stratford-on-Avon, thus invoking the especial favor of Shakespeare upon her new part. The London critics were brought down by special train and pronounced the performance crude, but promising.

Then, just as Manager Hill had everything ready for "Romeo and Juliet," it was quietly announced that Mary Anderson would receive her welcome home in "As You Like It." She arrived, bringing with her a complete English company, and a stuffed deer that might be the lineal descendant of one of the bucks slain by Shakespeare. Do you see what a managerial triumph was gained by this stuffed deer? Poor Romeo never killed anything except a few Capulets and himself, and so Manager Hill could not offset this realistic property.

But, although nothing could be said against the deer, the English company was considered a vulnerable point. On the Square, at the club, in the theatre lobbies, and behind the scenes, I was taken aside and indignantly asked what I thought of Mary Anderson's conduct in importing a lot of English actors to deprive American actors of their daily bread. Was it not most ungrateful that she, an American girl, who had made her reputation and money here, should engage English professionals to support her?

I am as patriotic as the Star Spangled Banner itself; but I really cannot comprehend what difference it makes where an actor happened to be born so long as he acts

well and on reasonable terms. However, I thought it only fair to interview Miss Anderson's manager about the matter, and his explanation was conclusive.

The English company imported for Mary Anderson rehearsed with her for two months and played with her for four weeks before coming to America. If she had dismissed them, they could hardly have found other engagements this season, and she would have been compelled to go through the weary work of rehearsing her plays with new people.

Besides, where would she have found an American company had she desired, in the reputed words of the immortal Washington, to put none but Americans on guard? I do not know where there are American actors enough disengaged to form a Shakespearean company. Almost all the professionals in America are foreigners, either by birth or parentage.

What nonsense it is to attempt to excite an anti-English feeling against a company that appears in such thoroughly English plays as "As You Like It" and "Romeo and Juliet!" If none but Americans are to act in America every playhouse in the city would have to be closed. The entire "Mikado" troupe would leave the Fifth Avenue; Tom Whiffen, J. H. Ryley and Zelda Seguin would desert the Standard; Fred Robinson and Herbert Kelcey would march out of the Madison Square; Richard Mansfield and Selina Dolaro would bid adieu to the Lyceum, and Wallack's would never reopen, because all the company are English.

It is, therefore, impossible to apply the Know Nothing principle to the American stage. As a general rule, the actor who wraps himself in the American flag is not fit to carry a theatrical banner.

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COSMOPOLITAN New York gave Judic a friendly reception at Wallack's; but, before a week had elapsed, she had so shocked the public that they remained away from the theatre. After the first night the audiences grew small by degrees and beautifully less. This was the fault of Judic's company, of her costumes, of her songs, and of her plays.

The husband of Madame Favart used to say that all he required for a starring tour was his wife and a few dolls. Manager Grau imitated Manager Favart in the dolls with which he surrounded Judic. The old favorite, Mézières, was the only member of the troupe who could act and sing. He justified his reputation by several remarkable performances of eccentric old men; but old men do not draw at a theatre.

We were told in advance that Worth had made a new wardrobe for Judic, and she described some of the dresses to the reporters immediately upon her arrival. But she did not wear any of them in her opening plays. The ladies laughed at her ugly and unbecoming costumes, and her friends advised her to go to a New York dress-maker.

One day I was taken to a house on Adelphi Terrace, London, and shown a series of rooms fitted up with cabinets containing pictures on porcelain, antique gems, rare engravings, and curious rings and watches. All the articles were artistically admirable, and many of them were almost priceless in value. But they could not be exhibited in public, they had to be hidden in this out of the way house, because the subjects treated by the great artists, ancient and modern, were indecent.

Judic reminded me of my visit to this immoral museum. Her art is exquisite. She sings deliciously, with a voice as sweet as honey. To hear her speak the most ordinary lines is an education in French. She acts with such perfect naturalness that she does not appear to be acting. But all this artistic excellence is wasted upon songs and plays that are grossly indelicate.

In France young girls are not supposed to go to the theatres, and a license is allowed to dramatists and actors which would be intolerable in this country, where a gentleman seldom attends a place of amusement unaccompanied by ladies. No gentleman could explain to any lady what Judic means by her songs, nor could he tell her in plain English the stories of Judic's plays. If the lady should understand French, so much the worse. She would never forgive the gentleman who subjected her to such immodesties as "Nitouche," "Lili" and "Femme à Papa."

Judic is now a middle-aged woman, and she looks it. She is very stout and matronly. In almost all her plays she has the same part. In the first act she is a young girl at school in a convent, innocent and demure. Then she is suddenly taken behind the scenes of a theatre, or to a champagne supper, or she is locked up in a dark

room with an officer, and she has to sing improper songs or get intoxicated, the humor being in the contrast between her girlish manner and the terrible things she says or sings or does. But Judic no longer looks like a girl, and this makes her indelicacies even more repulsive.

New York is not a prudish place, and there was a time when many men would rush to see a performance that was a little loud. But Judic oversteps the line. She is not vulgar; she is too artistic for vulgarity; but she is all the more dangerous because she utters vilenesses in the most charming style.

Manager Grau should have known that, in this country, an entertainment which ladies cannot attend is a certain failure. The ladies are the principal patrons of our theatres, and it is this which keeps the American stage pure and decent without an official Censor or Licensor of Plays. When Judic makes the American ladies blush she keeps them out of the theatre, and they take care that the gentlemen do not go without them.

I am sorry that Manager Grau should have shown so much misdirected enterprise, and that Judic should have come so far to be ignored. But, all the same, I am proud of a public that is not to be caught by the delicately veiled vice which has given Judic so great a reputation.

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"A MORAL CRIME," produced at the Union Square, was "Fedora" reversed. The heroine has killed a man, and the hero hunts her down and falls in love with her. The piece has one strong situation; but it cannot compare with Sardou's work.

Daly's theatre, elegantly redecorated, opened for the season with "The Magistrate," which is a London version of the old French farce known here as "Americans in Paris" and as the libretto of "The Bat." Mr. Pinnero has adapted the farce very cleverly, and it is a success of laughter.

The Madison Square reopened with a revival of "Sealed Instructions," and Agnes Booth, Maud Harrison and J. H. Stoddard were added to Manager Palmer's company. They will have opportunities in "Saints and Sinners," a London comedy, which the author, H. A. Jones, came over to rehearse.

Wallack's is announced to reopen with "In His Power," an English melodrama which has failed dismally in San Francisco. Rose Coghlan has been so successful as a star that she will pay a forfeit rather than return to Wallack's, and Sophie Eyre will be duly installed as leading lady.

The musical sensation of the season will be Mrs. Thurber's project of American opera at the Academy, which is now strongly indorsed by the leaders of society, and will be carried through under the direction of Theodore Thomas. A series of concerts, a singing school and a school of dancing have already been arranged in connection with this extensive—and expensive—scheme.

STEPHEN FISKE.

#### COMING ART EVENTS.

OCT. 29-Dec. 10: Philadelphia. Fifty-sixth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy in connection with the exhibition of the Philadelphia Society of Artists. It is at the discretion of the board to expend \$1800 in purchases and medals. There are also prizes to local artists. Secretary, Mr. George Corliss.

About Nov. 1: New York. American Art Association Special Fall Exhibition of oil and water-color pictures, including American pictures from the Paris Salon of 1885. Four prizes of \$250 each for the best water-colors, the pictures to remain the property of the artists.

Nov. 23-Dec. 19: New York. Autumn Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Secretary, Mr. T. Addison Richards.

About Feb.: New York. Retrospective Exhibition of American Painting. Under the auspices of the N. Y. Branch of the National Society of Arts, at the American Art Association galleries.

Jan. 11-Feb. 1, 1886: New York. Eighth Black-and-White Exhibition of the Salamagundi Sketch Club, together probably with an exhibition of architectural drawings, at the American Art Association galleries.

Feb. 1-27, 1886: New York. Nineteenth American Water-Color Society Exhibition, at the National Academy of Design.

Feb. 1-Feb. 27, 1886: New York. New York Etching Club at the National Academy of Design. Secretary, Mr. Henry T. Farrer, 51 W. 10th Street.

March, 1886: New York. Second Prize Fund Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture, at the American Art Association galleries. Ten gold medals and ten prizes of \$2000 each, the works gaining the latter to become the property of the museums designated by the subscribers to the fund.

About March, 1886: New York. Exhibition and Subsequent Sale of the late Mrs. Morgan's collection of pictures, porcelains and curios.